

*Ros.* I haue promis'd to make all this matter euen: Keepe you your word, O Duke, to giue your daughter, You yours *Orlando*, to receiue his daughter: Keepe you your word *Phoebe*, that you'll marrie me, Or else refusing me to wed this shepherd: Keepe your word *Silvius*, that you'll marrie her If she refuse me, and from hence I go To make these doubts all euen.

*Exit Ros. and Celia.*

*Du. Sen.* I do remember in this shepherd boy, Some liuely touches of my daughters fauour.

*Orl.* My Lord, the first time that I euer saw him, Me thought he was a brother to your daughter: But my good Lord, this Boy is Forrest borne, And hath bin tutor'd in the rudiments Of many desperate studies, by his vncle, Whom he reports to be a great Magitian.

*Enter Clowne and Audrey.*

Obscured in the circle of this Forrest.

*Iaq.* There is sure another flood toward, and these couples are comming to the Arke. Here comes a payre of verie strange beasts, which in all tongues, are call'd Fooles.

*Clo.* Salutation and greeting to you all.

*Iaq.* Good my Lord, bid him welcome: This is the Morley-minded Gentleman, that I haue so often met in the Forrest: he hath bin a Courtier he sweares.

*Clo.* If any man doubt that, let him put mee to my purgation, I haue trod a meafure, I haue flattered a Lady, I haue bin politicke with my friend, smooth with mine enemy, I haue yndone three Tailors, I haue had foure quarrels, and like to haue fought one.

*Iaq.* And how was that tane vp?

*Clo.* Faith we met, and found the quarrel was vpon the seuenth cause.

*Iaq.* How seuenth cause? Good my Lord, like this fellow.

*Du. Se.* I like him very well.

*Clo.* God'ild you sir, I desire you of the like: I presse in heere sir, amongst the rest of the Country copulatives to sweare, and to forswear, according as marriage binds and blood breakes: a poore virgin sir, an il-fauor'd thing sir, but mine owne, a poore humour of mine sir, to take that that no man else will: rich honestie dwels like a miser sir, in a poore house, as your Pearle in your foule oyster.

*Du. Se.* By my faith, he is very swift, and sententious *Clo.* According to the fooles bolt sir, and such dulcet diseases.

*Iaq.* But for the seuenth cause. How did you finde the quarrell on the seuenth cause?

*Clo.* Vpon a lye, seuen times remoued: (beare your bodie more seeming *Audrey*) as thus sir: I did dislike the cut of a certaine Courtiers beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, hee was in the minde it was: this is call'd the retort courteous. If I sent him word againe, it was not well cut, he wold send me word he cut it to please himselfe: this is call'd the quip modest. If againe, it was not well cut, he disabled my iudgment: this is called, the reply churlish. If againe it was not well cut, he wold answer I spake not true: this is call'd the reproofe valiant. If againe, it was not well cut, he wold say, I lie: this is call'd the counter-checke quarrellsome: and so ro lye circumstantiall, and the lye direct.

*Iaq.* And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

*Clo.* I durst go no further then the lye circumstantiall:

nor he durst not giue me the lye direct: and so wee measure'd swords, and parted.

*Iaq.* Can you nominate in order now, the degrees of the lye.

*Clo.* O sir, we quarrel in print, by the booke: as you haue bookes for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort courteous: the second, the Quip-modest: the third, the reply Churlish: the fourth, the Reproofe valiant: the fifth, the Counter-checke quarrellsome: the sixth, the Lye with circumstance: the seuenth, the Lye direct: all these you may auoyd, but the Lye direct: and you may auoide that too, with an If. I knew when seuen Iustices could not take vp a Quarrell, but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If; as if you saide so, then I saide so: and they shooke hands, and swore brothers. Your If, is the onely peace-maker: much vertue in if.

*Iaq.* Is not this a rare fellow my Lord? He's as good at any thing, and yet a foole.

*Du. Se.* He vses his folly like a stalking-horse, and vnder the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

*Enter Hymen, Rosalind, and Celia.*

*Still Musicke.*

*Hymen.* Then is there mirth in heauen, When earthly things made euen attone together.

*Good Duke receiue thy daughter, Hymen from Heauen brought her, Ye brought her hether.*

*That thou mightst ioine his hand with his, Whose heart within his bosome is.*

*Ros.* To you I giue my selfe, for I am yours, To you I giue my selfe, for I am yours.

*Du. Se.* If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter, *Orl.* If there be truth in sight, you are my *Rosalind.*

*Pho.* If sight & shape be true, why then my loue adieu *Ros.* He haue no Father, if you be not he:

He haue no Husband, if you be not he: Nor ne're wed woman, if you be not shee.

*Hy.* Peace hoa: I barre confusion, 'Tis I must make conclusion

Of these most strange events: Here's eight that must take hands,

To ioine in *Hymens* hands, If truth holds true consents.

You and you, no crosse shall part; You and you, are hart in hart:

You, to his loue must accord, Or haue a Woman to your Lord.

You and you, are sure together, As the Winter to fowle Weather:

Whiles a Wedlocke Hymne we sing, Feede your selues with questioning:

That reason, wonder may diminish How thus we met, and these things finish.

*Song.*

*Wedding is great Iunors crowne, O blessed bond of boord and bed:*

*'Tis Hymen peoples chierie towne, High wedlock then be honored:*

*Honor, high honour and renowne To Hymen, God of enerie Towne.*

*Du. Se.* O my deere Neece, welcome thou art to me, Euen daughter welcome, in no lesse degree.

*Pho.* I wil not eate my word, now thou art mine, Thy faith, my fancie to thee doth combine.

*Enter Second Brother.*

*2. Bro.* Let me haue audience for a word or two: I am the second sonne of old *Sir Rowland*,

That bring these tidings to this faire assembly. *Duke Frederick* hearing how that euerie day

Men of great worth resorted to this Forrest, Addrest a mightie power, which were on foote

In his owne conduct, purposely to take His brother heere, and put him to the sword:

And to the skirts of this wilde Wood he came; Where, meeting with an old Religious man,

After some question with him, was conuerted Both from his enterprize, and from the world:

His crowne bequeathing to his banish'd Brother, And all their Lands restor'd to him againe

That were with him exil'd. This to be true, I do engage my life.

*Du. Se.* Welcome yong man: Thou offer'st fairely to thy brothers wedding:

To one his lands with-held, and to the other A land it selfe at large, a potent Duke don't.

First, in this Forrest, let vs do those ends That heere vrete well begun, and wel begot:

And after, euery of this happie number That haue endur'd shrew'd daies, and nights with vs,

Shal share the good of our returned fortune, According to the measure of their states.

Meane time, forget this new-falne dignitie, And fall into our Rusticke Reuelrie:

Play Musicke, and you Brides and Bride-groomes all, With measure heap'd in ioy, to th Measures fall.

*Iaq.* Sir, by your patience: if I heard you rightly, The Duke hath put on a Religious life,

And throwne into neglect the pompous Court.

*2. Bro.* He hath. *Iaq.* To him will I

There is much matter you to your former

your patience, and you to your land, and

you to a lone, that you to a long, and we

And you to wrangling Is but for two moneth

I am for other, then for *Du. Se.* Stay, *Iaq.*

*Iaq.* To see no part He stay to know, at you

*Du. Se.* Proceed, p As we do trust, they l

*Ros.* It is not the f logue: but it is no m

Lord the Prologue. I no bush, 'tis true, that

Yet to good wine they playes proue the better

What a case am I in the logue, nor cannot in

good play? I am not fit to begge will not bee

you, and He begin wi women) for the loue y

of this Play, as please for the loue you beare

simpring, none of you and the women, the p

man, I would kisse as pleas'd me, complexio

I deſide not: And I beards, or good faces,

offer, when I make cur

FINIS.

